

The Experiment by **TheMikeWheelers (jasongracefully)**

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Summary:

There was no way someone's toe could get stuck in a bathtub faucet, Mike insisted on testing it out to prove so.

The Experiment

“Mike? Are you in there?” El knocked on the bathroom door three times.

She was supposed to meet him for their date a half hour ago. She knew he'd been looking forward to going to the movies with her all week, so when Mike didn't come pick her up, she figured something must be wrong.

He was never late for their dates, if he wasn't there, she knew something must have happened.

“Yeah, I'm in here,” a weak voice answered through the door.

“What's going on? Are you okay?”

Mike felt a deep blush forming on his cheeks, he was caught in the act. El would figure out exactly what had happened, and he wouldn't be able to face her.

He let out a sigh, wanting to keep her away until his *predicament* was taken care of, “I'm fine! Sorry I'm so late, some, uh, stuff happened.”

“What happened?”

“Um, I'm bleeding! I hurt my hand, but I'm fine! I'll be out in a minute!” He cringed just listening to his obvious lie.

Outside the bathroom, El gasped hearing him, “Mike if you're bleeding you aren't okay! I'm coming in!”

“No don-”

It was too late, she had already used her powers to unlock the door and had walked in on the situation at hand.

Mike was lying in the bathtub, a towel quickly draped over himself while he gave an awkward smile and shy thumbs-up towards El. That wasn't the strange part though, what really caught her eye was his big toe shoved up the faucet of the bath.

El looked down at her blushing boyfriend for a second, before he decided to speak up, “I can explain.”

She didn't even know what to ask, just raising her eyebrows.

“Dustin was watching TV the other day, and a character got his toe stuck in the faucet while taking a bath. Yesterday at lunch he was telling me about this, and Lucas insisted that could never actually happen. Then we were all arguing whether someone could get their toe stuck like that and well, I was taking a bath while getting ready for our date, and I decided to try it.”

Mike's face was cherry red.

“Now I'm kinda stuck.”

El looked down at his embarrassed expression, and couldn't do anything but let out a howl of laughter.

“You're not actually stuck, are you?” El's face was now as red as Mike's from laughing.

He couldn't meet her eye when he nodded his head.

“Okay, um, do you want me to try and help you pull it out?”

“I already tried that, it's not gonna work.” El ignored him and sat down besides the tub, grabbing his foot and pulling as hard as she could.

His toe didn't budge, no matter how hard she tugged on it.

“See,” Mike slumped back, “It's really stuck in there.”

“Why would you even try something like this?”

"It sounded ridiculous! I wanted to be able to brag to Dustin that it was impossible, but, uh, I guess I was wrong," Mike's blush was forming once again.

El just giggled at him, she faked annoyance, but in reality this was the most Mike-like thing for him to do, she wished she found it any way other than endearing, "From now on can you at least wait to test out your science experiments until after our date," She looked down, gaining an idea, "How about we try putting soap on your toe? Maybe then it'll get slick and pull out."

"Let's try it."

El turned around and grabbed the soap, started to lather it as much around Mike's toe as she could.

"Okay now pull."

Mike pulled as hard as he could, desperate for his toe to be freed of this prison, but again, nothing happened. They both let out long sighs of disappointment, not knowing what to do next.

"Well, I guess I need to learn to adjust to my new life in here," It got quiet for a few moments before Mike interrupted the silence, "I'm sorry by the way"

“For what?” El raised her eyebrows.

Mike looked down, “For being stupid. For worrying about what Dustin saw on TV instead of getting ready. For ruining our date.”

“Mike.”

He met her glance, “Yeah?”

“We're together and talking and laughing and that's what matters. You didn't ruin our date. Anytime I'm with you is already a perfect date,” Mike couldn't form a response, only looking at her like she held all the world's perfection, because he really believed that was the case.

“I love you, but how am I gonna get out of here?”

El looked over to the faucet, then back to him, “I have an idea, but your mom may kill me for it.”

“El, I really don't care about my mom right now. Do anything to get me out of here,” Mike pleaded.

She gave him a quick smile before looking back at the faucet. Her chin lowered and her eyes focused onto the place his toe was being held captive. The familiar expression that still, after so many years, continued to blow Mike away, had made an appearance.

Then the faucet started to crack, crumbling piece by piece away, until it was all gone. Mike looked at his freed toe in wonderment before glancing over at El.

She gave him a shy smile and wiped away the drop of blood rolling down to her lip. Mike, still in amazement, jumped up pulling her into a kiss.

The two kissed for a moment, just thankful that Mike was now able to leave that dreaded bathroom.

El and Mike both turned deep scarlet after a few seconds, the realization drenching in that she had walked in on him in the bath and he was wearing nothing but a towel.

El pulled away, redder than Mike had ever seen her, "I'll, uh, give you some privacy to finish getting ready."

"Okay, um, I'll be out in like ten minutes, but we've definitely missed our movie by now."

"It's fine, there will probably be another one," She gave him a shy smile and walked out of the bathroom.

Mike looked down at his toe, slightly red and swollen from its ordeal. It still had a small indentation around it from where the faucet was

grabbing on. Looking at his toe, thinking back on the mess he'd gotten himself into, he couldn't help but wonder what he would ever do without El.

He gave a goofy smile and lied back, grateful to always have a girl like her to save him from even the strangest predicaments.